Poor Robin's DREAM.

MY Head being as full as ever it could be ſtuft, with the idle and vain diſcourſes, *pro* and *con*, about the Plot, and the Times, that had inſinuated themſelves at my Ears, at a Fanatical Coffee-Houſe, I reel'd late home, almoſt drunk with *Whim* and *Baul*. Two grave States-men had taken up the Quarrel, *Theophilus* a Miller, and *Titus* a Barber, a *Hobbiſt* and a *Knoxian*, who with Din and Cant, had made my Head ake, and Stomach wamble. To Bed I went, but my Thoughts having entred in a Courſe of Ramble, ran over a long Series of Remembrances, concerning our Times, which ſeem'd ſo intricate, that 'twould puſſle a wiſe man to judge where Right and Truth lay; on which ſide Equity and Juſtice were to be found. It was almoſt Day ere I could take a Nap, rolling from one ſide of my Bed to the other, having no Bed-fellow, but my own Hag-ridden Fancy; when at laſt tyred, I fell into a ſlumber, but it ſeems the Witch that had tormented me awake all night, in my Thought, now ſeized my Imagination in my ſleep, got a ſtride of it, taking it for a Broom-ſtaff, and away ſhe flew I know not whither, into a ſtrange Country: There methought I alight by a ſpacious Grove of flouriſhing green Trees, and on a ſudden whom ſhould I ſee pop out from thence, but my Acquaintance Mr. *Bedlow*: You cannot imagine how joyful I was to ſee him; for knowing he was departed this Life, I preſently thought with my ſelf, he would ſatisfie my mind about many dubious things. To him I went with open Arms to embrace him, but I found I had cut him in two, or that I hugg'd nothing but empty Air: But perceiving that my ſtrict embrace had done him no hurt, I cry'd to him, Honeſt *Will*, if I may call thee ſo; for I aſſure you, 'tis much doubted in the world by many; you may very much eaſe my labouring Thought, by ſatisfying me in ſome Queſtions I ſhall ask thee; for certainly here can be no lying and forſwearing, in this fine Country of the Dead, which ſeems like the Poets *Elyſium*. And well ſays he very gravely, What are the Queſtions you would be ſatisfied in? I would willingly (ſaid I) know the Depth of the Plot. Then (ſaid he) you muſt go to Hell, for I aſſure you, I could never fathom it my ſelf: But as for ſatisfying the People, 'tis impoſſible, ſhould I aſcend out of my Grave, and ſay a thouſand times over what I have already declared, they would ſay I were a Cheat, a Deluſion, and that 'twas all Imaginary, and not real, I ſhould declare. I well remember all my paſt actions, for which I am to Anſwer before a ſtrict Judge; but let me tell you, that as to the Secrets of the Dead, they are by Fate lock'd up from the Living; and let me tell you, we care as little to know what you do above, as you are curious and deſirous to underſtand what we do below: But that you may not ſay I will be uncivil to you, here is a very learned Prophet, that I will carry you to, and we will conſult him what ſhall be the end of all the various Fluctuations in your Land. I gave him Thanks, and he brought me to a moſt curious place, where he ſhewed me ſitting upon a Globe, a great Gyant, with three Heads, having 5630 Hands: The middle Head was very ſmall, and called *Time preſent*; the left hand Head was exceeding great; and the other on the right hand was of a much leſſer bulk, though not ſo ſmall as that in the middle. *Bedlow* having brought me before this Gyantlike Prophet, deſired him that he would be pleaſed, for the ſatisfaction of his Dubious Friend, to ſatisfie his Doubts concerning

concerning Affairs in *England*, what would be the end of all their expectances by his Oracles.

We waited for some time when the middle Head, frowning, lowring, looking a squint, making wry faces, and looking nine waies at once, at last opened his mouth, and spake this Oracle:

What has been is, what was may come again;
Be wise, look back, consider what has been.
The world grows old, Time's Glass is almost run,
There's nothing New that's underneath the Sun.

Now am I as wise as e're I was, for I could have told him as much my self: He is somewhat of kin to Fryer *Bacon*'s Brazen Head, said I, a little vext. Hold, said my Friend *Bedlow*, he gives you good Advice, and bids you ask *Time past*, which is that great voluminous Head almost as big as the Globe he sits on. Then addressing himself to it in my behalf, at last he spake this Oracle:

Read Actions past, and them consider well,
From them th' Event of present Actions spell:
Through all my Pandects, let a wise man roam;
And they will tell you best what is to come.

Well (said I) I see I shall return as wise as ever I was, I'm sure History and musty Records will never satisfie me: I am still in the dark, and but where I was: we will try once more (saies *Bedlow*) and address to the right Hand Head *Time to come*, perhaps he may satisfie you. We did so, and my Friend speaking for me, desired him to tell me what was to come, and what would be the end of the troublesom and perplexed Affairs in *England*, and whether several great men, that seem'd the heads of Factions, and protested Loyalty, were honest or not: To which after a little pause, the head opening his mouth gave this Oracle:

In patience wait a while, in peace sit down,
And e're long will what is hid make known:
Both Men and Actions I will naked make,
And all their dark Disguises from them take.

Well (said I) still I am where I was, I love not these Ridling Oracles, I may sit and cool my heels long enough, for ought I know e're it will be his Worship's pleasure to make all known. Come, said my Friend *Bedlow*, be not angry, we will see what this Prophet's Daughter will say to us, she is called *Truth*, she is a kind of a Prophetess, that has *Cassandra*'s Fate, never to be believed, till 'tis too late. He led me from this place to a kind of a Temple, where upon a certain Throne in great State and Majesty sat *Truth*, like a Goddess, and my Friend having invoked her, me thought she spake thus in Answer to our Demands.

England *is to her self the greatest foe,*
Happy, if she her happiness did know:
Peace, Plenty, Luxury, and a well-known sin,
The Gates of Janus broke, and let all evils in.
Like a full Stream, no banks or dams could stay,
They rush, and bear with them her Peace away.
Each blames a party, and to sides he draws,
But never thinks that he himself's a cause.
Like snarling Dogs they quarrel for a bone,
They soon would leave if they were let alone.
England *again her Happiness shall find,*
When King and People are all of one mind,
And when they to each other shall prove kind.
Let the Head rule, let Hands and Feet obey,
And let th' Eyes guide the Body in its way.
If th' Head be sick, let all officious be,
To help, not worser make the Maladie.
When th' Hands no sustinance to the Mouth will give
The Body 'll starve, and if the Head cann't live,
Shall the Hands therefore feed the Mouth no more,
Because they to a Surfeit fed before?
Let men forbear to think themselves too wise:
Right, Truth and Honesty need no Disguise.
Let every one his proper business ply,
And causeless Fears and Jealousies lay by.
Let Equity and Right flow from the Throne,
And Justice, its support, from it run down.
When People humbly do their Grievance show,
A King will hear and soon redress it too.
When each doth to the other something yield,
Without contest, both seem to win the field:
What Happiness to England *would accrue,*
If she but one Religion in her knew:
If that can't be, the Remedy 'll prove worse
Than the Disease, to use, or plot, or force:
For tho false mists before mens eyes are cast,
Truth *without arms will Victor be at last.*
Let all the People wait a while in peace,
Let the ill musick of their murmouring cease.
Be not too Anxious, God holds England's *Fate,*
England *he always lov'd, and cannot hate:*
And this will soon to her a Blessing bring,
If 't be observ'd—Fear God; Honour your King.

I was very well pleased with the Oracle from this Goddess, whose Beauty made me in love with her, and I was preparing to say something to her in acknowledgment of her favour, when I awoke and found it was but a Dream.

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